



54/110

HOT-WATER BOTTLES
INTO DINGHIES

...PART OF THE

DUNLOP

WAR EFFORT

APR 26 1945

DETROIT

PUNCH

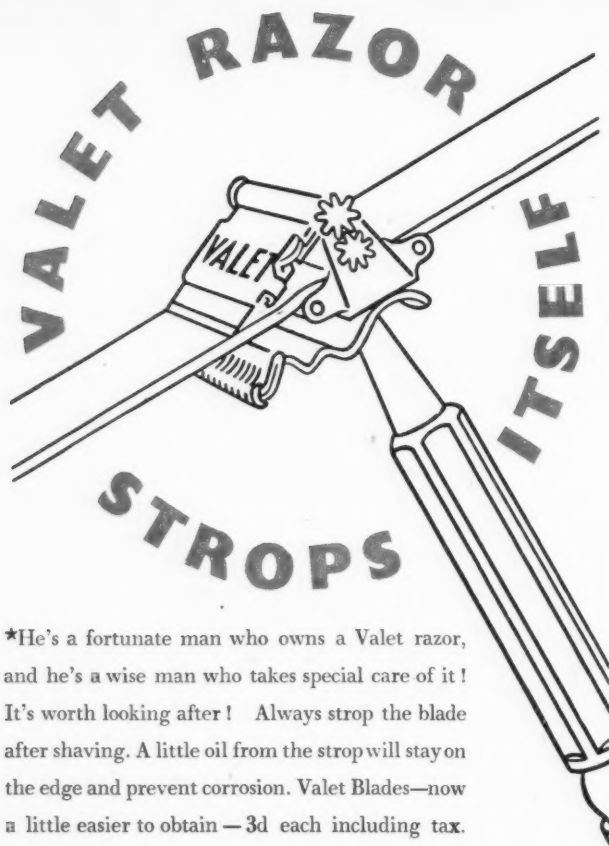
APRIL
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Vol. CCVIII
No. 5437

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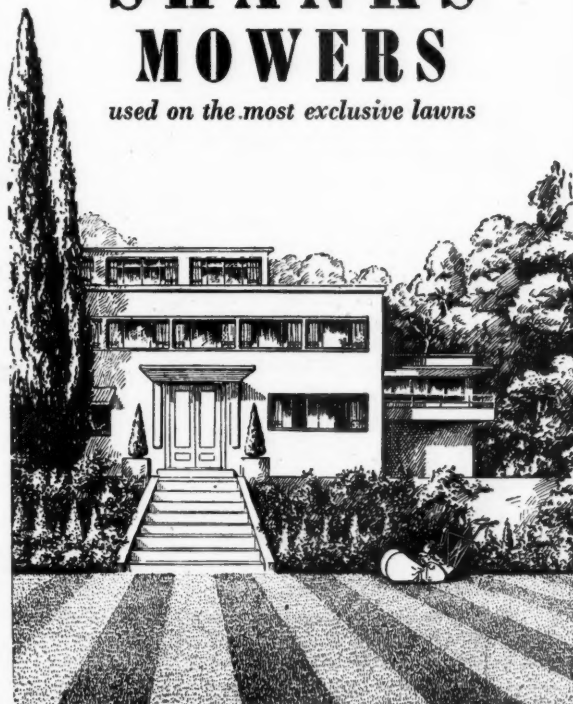
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still overshadow
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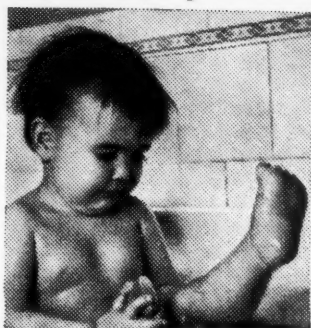
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And now... as hundreds of gallant ships will soon be preparing to exchange their drab uniform of war for the gay colours of peace, the Nation's thanks go to all our seamen—whatever uniform they wear. But, let us remember, too, the many brave sailors who have been maimed and broken in the fight for freedom. Here is your opportunity to show that their valour has not been forgotten. Help them on the road to independence. Your contribution to King George's Fund for Sailors will help to provide clothes, surgical appliances, tools, or even, where necessary, financial assistance.

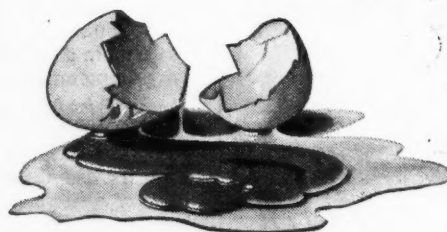
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ON OUR FLAG DAY FOR SAILORS
TUESDAY - - APRIL 10**

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PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVIII No. 5437

April 4 1945

Charivaria

SPAIN'S stiffening attitude towards Japan is interpreted in Berlin as a sign that the writing on the wall spells sour oranges.

o o

It was officially denied in Berlin that there had been German peace-feelers in Stockholm. The Wilhelmstrasse *démenti* was quite prompt. In fact it was only just preceded by the rejection of the proposals.



The shortage of building land is now so acute in the metropolitan area that London may be called upon to tighten its green belt.

o o

Since the B.B.C. started offering prizes for comic scripts many of their comedians are asking themselves what was wrong with the old one.

o o

Japan is now anxious to find a new source of oil. Having a vast supply of troubled waters for it.

o o

"CHESSMEN, tall mirrors, scales, 3 cwt.; gas fire, rubber doormat, sofa ottoman; 22 in. towelling, baby, shopping, laundry baskets, scissors, 100 flower pots, 10/-; ornamental fountain, oddments."

Advt. in Sussex paper.

Does the 10/- include the baby?

o o

The news that iced cakes can now be made in this country *may* be a cunning trap for the Fuehrer to do a Hess.

"The Government cannot control the climatic conditions," says a writer. At the most it can declare that the recent outburst of spring weather is really the beginning of the officially staggered summer.

o o

Many travellers who managed to survive the Easter rush have now gone into strict training for Whitsun.

o o

Perishable Goods

"FRENCH BUTTER FOR BRITAIN
LIE SQUASHED."

Heading in "Daily Telegraph."

o o

It is thought that the Fuehrer may make a last stand on the heights of the Bavarian Alps. Later on perhaps a cairn or something could be erected to mark the spot where he took off for Valhalla.

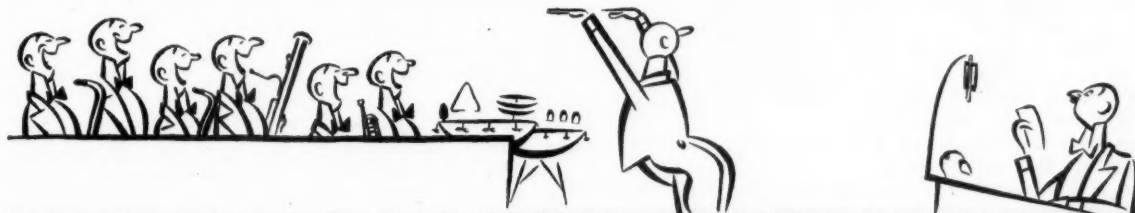
o o



An intruder arrested in a South London house confessed that he had been responsible for many burglaries in the neighbourhood and added that this was to have been his last. Now of course he will have to wait for some time before he can sell the practice.

o o

"The ideal music-hall programme has yet to be broadcast," says a critic. It would be a step in the right direction if the comments of the announcer were as funny as the ecstatic merriment of the Variety Orchestra led listeners to believe.



Return to Burma

O COMRADES whom we left unsepulchred,
 O comrades whom we laid in shallow graves,
 O lightly sleeping comrades, have you heard
 The sound that beats insistent as the waves?
 Up the dark alleys of the jungle-tracks
 Where once you stumbled with your monstrous packs,
 It flows, the tide that liberates the slaves.

I heard you speaking in the quiet nights
 When all the birds are hushed, the crickets still,
 When the pale fire-flies with their shuddering lights
 Cruise in the archipelagos of the hill,
 When up the mighty corridors of teak
 Along the secret woodway from the creek
 Pads the great cat returning to his kill.

When the black shadows reach across the path,
 When from the village dies the evening smoke,
 When from the mere steams the sun's aftermath,
 When in the marsh the frogs begin to croak,
 The hour when we were wont to bivouac,
 To choose our sleeping-place and leave the track,
 Kindle the fire and put the rice to soak—

Then you have spoken, for you have desired
 To know our varying fortunes, how we fared,
 Trudging in weariness but still inspired
 To press again the venture that we shared.
 Then in the night I was aware of you,
 So lightly laid as still to share the dew
 Falling on us your friends for whom you cared.

Forest to forest, range to distant range,
 Across the vales your voices speak and say:
 "Here where I lie, to-day was nothing strange—
 Heard you, my comrade, anything to-day?"
 And one makes answer: "Here where we two lie
 Four hundred of our countrymen went by—
 We saw them laughing as they went their way."

And one beside a track more distant yet,
 One from a group of graves, some old, some new,
 Says soberly: "To-day our comrades met
 The enemy by our thicket here, and slew
 Two score and ten; and some of ours who fell
 Lie with us now, and have brave tales to tell."
 And voices call: "Comrades, we welcome you."

But you who fell beside us, pioneers
 Shorn of the future—you who chose to be
 The hopeless van of the victorious years,
 The heralds of the day you could not see:
 You we have steered on as a seaman's mark,
 Your graves shine forth exulting in the dark,
 The leading lights of ultimate victory.

O comrades all, the known and the unknown,
 Sleep still at last: your vigil is dispatched,
 The black defences of the night are down,
 The outmost wicket of the day unlatched.
 This day beyond your graves our armies reach,
 The hosts are come for whom you made the breach,
 And now at length the enemy is matched.

Post-War Plan Wrecked by Wheelbarrow

FEELING, in a moment of complacency, that the war would end in May, I said I would just go and get the car into running order again.

"Put your overalls on," they said, as if I was about six years old.

"I was going to," I said, as if I was about four.

"Do you know where they are?"

"Great Scott!" I said. "You all seem to think I am quite incapable of managing my own affairs without your advice and assistance on every single blessed point."

Nobody had the courage to confirm this, so I went upstairs and searched about. I looked first in the place where I remembered to have put the overalls last time, then I looked in the places they might conceivably have got to, and finally I turned, with more hope, to the places where only a tribe of lunatics would have hidden them away. At the bottom of an old hair-trunk in the box-room I found my opera-hat. I am fond of my opera-hat and I went downstairs with it in a bit of a temper.

"Look here," I said. "I found this at the bottom of the old hair-trunk in the box-room."

"You don't need an opera-hat to get a car into running order again," they pointed out.

"This is a good hat," I said, "and ought never to have been stuffed away at the bottom of a trunk. You wouldn't like it if I took some of your best hats and bunged them

into the box-room underneath a heap of old blankets and bits of Harris tweed. This hat cost money."

"What's the matter with it now?" they asked.

I gave it a flip and I'm bound to say it sprang into position with quite its old zest. I put it on and had a look at myself in the glass. I don't believe there is a man living who could handle an opera-hat for the first time in six years and refrain from taking a swift look at himself with the thing on.

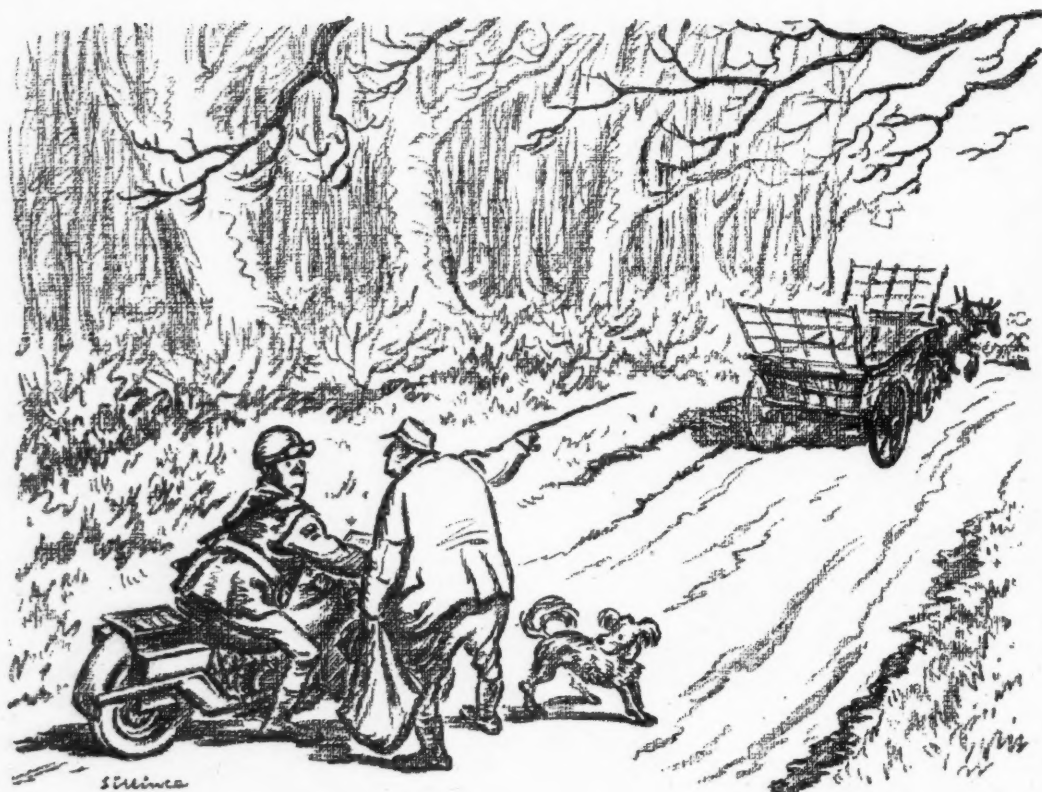
"Look at that!" I said. "It's a king hat. It's a hum-dinger. It gives me that West-End look right away." And I tilted it over my right eye and assumed the contemptuous expression with which I used to put Piccadilly in its place in the golden days.

"Found your overalls?" someone asked.

I went upstairs again and put my hat carefully on the bed in my dressing-room, so that I could try it on again privately in the cool of the evening. Then I went back to the box-room and rummaged about for a bit. But I wasn't happy. There was a feeling at the back of my mind all the time that I used to have a white silk scarf with a bit of black on it to go with my opera-hat. Where was it? People who will push an opera-hat into an old hair-trunk will do almost anything with a white silk scarf. It ought of course to be in the top right-hand drawer in the dressing-room, but I couldn't recall noticing it there



THE NEW GATEWAY



"Witheydown? Just 'ee follow that wagon."

for at least—well, since 1939. Still, it might be worth having a look.

It wasn't there. Nor was it in any of the other drawers. Nor was it in the pocket of my rather well-cut light overcoat for evening wear. It wasn't even in the linen cupboard, though I found my skates there, and, rather oddly, an old school blazer with a piece of toffee in the right-hand pocket. So, after a final run through the hair-trunk, I gave it up and went downstairs again.

"This is getting beyond a joke," I said. "Why on earth can't people leave my things alone? First, I find my skates and this old blazer in the linen cupboard, where they've no business at all to be, and then when I try to find my white silk scarf, which ought to be in the top right-hand drawer in my dressing-room—"

They saw fit to be amusing at this stage. If, they said, they had known I was going skating they would have had the skates and my opera-hat and blazer laid out ready for me. But I had said nothing about it. On the contrary, I had given the impression that I proposed to spend the afternoon in the garage. In any case, they argued, I could surely do without my white silk scarf. Everybody realized that in war-time one couldn't be quite as well turned out on the rink as in more normal days.

"The laughter of fools," I said, "is like the crackling of thorns under a pot," after which, as befits a man of sense and breeding who feels pretty sure he has misquoted, I went straight off to the garage.

My overalls were there, hanging up among the rakes and hoes, and I had a quick look in the hip pocket for my scarf, not being able to get the thing out of my mind. Then I had a look for the car wheels, and found three stacked in a corner.

"There are only three wheels," I reported, returning to the house for the purpose.

"Did you count the spare?" they asked. "It's still strapped on at the back."

"Even so," I said.

"We put the fourth on the wheelbarrow," they said. "Don't you remember?"

"I do not," I said. "In any case, why didn't you use the spare for that?"

"The spare was flat," they explained. "Not that it makes any difference."

"I see," I said. "So what it comes to is that I've got to mend the spare before I can get the car back into running order?"

"Either that," they agreed, "or put the wheelbarrow out of commission."

"What was the news like?" I asked carelessly.

"Good enough."

"No Day of General Rejoicing fixed yet?"

"No. Not really."

"In that case," I said, "what about carrying on with the wheelbarrow for a bit longer, eh?"

Nobody said anything, for a wonder.

H. F. E.

A Basically Frivolous Mind

"PEE-ee-ee-ee-cep," said the radio uninterruptedly for about a minute, and then "peep-peep-pip, pip-peep-pip, pip-pip-peep, peep-pip—"

Cogbottle switched it off. "I forgot," he said. "We are in Southern England and this has been a big day in the air. We shan't be able to hear the Allied Expeditionary Forces Programme because of the beam. The beam drains all the strength out of it."

"What beam?" said Upfoot.

"Some local airfield's beam. You know what a radio beam is, don't you? When the planes come back it guides them in."

"Oh, yes. I've always wanted to find someone who can explain to me exactly how—"

"You haven't found anybody," said Cogbottle, "even now. I can't explain it except that I've got a vague idea that—". He raised his arms as if holding a tray. "Look. The beam's in the middle, over the airfield, say. Then if the plane coming in is a bit to *one* side," he depressed his left hand, "it can hear only dots, and if it's a bit to the *other* it can hear only dashes, and when it's *on* the beam the two signals mix and make one long note."

"I get it," said Upfoot. "But how does that account for the way we hear a continuous piping like a dry hot-water tap, regularly interrupted by a few Morse letters—"

Cogbottle said "I don't know that. I suppose it must be a different sort of beam. But I'm sure this must be one of some kind."

"And why do they put it out on 514 metres, the A.E.F.P. wavelength, tell me that?"

"I often wonder. In fact," said Cogbottle, "in my persevering pursuit of Charlie McCarthy, Jimmy Durante, Duffy's Tavern, Frank Morgan, Jack Benny and even sometimes Abbott and Costello, I have occasionally been tempted to leap to the conclusion that the B.B.C. is not at all keen for us poor civilians to listen to the A.E.F.P. at all, so they tell the airfields to make free with the wavelength. It's a point of view, like the one they declared at the start of the General Forces Programme when they said they'd take no notice of any civilian criticism, but I disapprove of it."

"I dare say the B.B.C. would disapprove of you," said Upfoot.

"That's just it, I'm sure they would. My relations with the B.B.C., when you come to think of it—". Cogbottle leaned back in his chair. "The whole position is peculiar," he said. "Listener Research doesn't seem to take account of people like me."

"Are you giving me the one about your being unique?" Upfoot inquired sardonically.

"I am giving you the one about my intellectual honesty," said Cogbottle.

"Oh, that."

An alert sounded, perfunctorily.

"The situation," said Cogbottle, "is this. In the vast mass of people who listen to the radio, I regard myself on the whole as a highbrow. I mean I want the B.B.C. to go on broadcasting really highbrow stuff, difficult music and poetic plays and talks about fifteenth-century Italian incunabula and so on, so that when I happen to be in the mood I can hear something valuable. *But—*"

"But," Upfoot said, "the fact remains that you'd do without the Home Service news on Tuesday and make do with nothing but the headlines for the sake of being able to hear Frank Morgan on the A.E.F.P. at five past nine—"

"And I'd arrange to be in at 8.30 on Saturday," said Cogbottle, "rather than miss a Charlie McCarthy show that I know very well may be one I heard on the Home Service a year ago . . . whereas if a poetic drama about the life of Giambattista Bodoni happened to come on a night when I'd arranged to sit and read in another room—"

"You won't be bothered with any other room when the housing shortage gets so that they requisition—"

"—I regret to say that, while thoroughly approving of the programme," Cogbottle insisted loudly, "I should regard the obstacles to my hearing it as insuperable. How do you account for that?"

"A basically frivolous mind," said Upfoot. "Highbrow my eye."

Cogbottle looked hurt and was beginning "No, but—" when he suddenly paused and appeared to reflect. "Wait a minute," he said. "In the last few weeks they've been sending over an occasional *piloted* raider, right?"

"Right."

"Then there's a possibility that *this* particular alert—" Cogbottle bent forward and switched on the radio, and as he waited for it to warm up he went on "The chances are that if this raid is thought to include piloted planes the beam will have been cut off so as not to help them, right?"

Upfoot said, "Well—"

The radio began to hum and then settled down to perfectly-reproduced American dialogue, at good strength. There was no interference at all.

A distant explosion outside did not disturb Cogbottle's satisfied expression. He opened his mouth, but before he could speak Upfoot said, "If you were about to say 'It's an ill wind,' skip it."

Cogbottle said coldly, "I was about to say that I hope the alert sees us to the end of the programme." R. M.



"Sorry, sir—I thought you rang."

The Memoirs of Mipsie

By Blanche Addle of Eigg

VII—Marriage

OF Mipsie's wedding day I can say little, for I myself was in such a whirl that I actually walked up the aisle after her in goloshes with my dainty peacock merino bridesmaid's dress! The service was solemn and beautiful in the extreme, every stone of the lovely old Balder church set off to perfection by the cream of Debreitt, every flower that heaven—and our famous hot-houses—had created, reflecting the splendour of the occasion. Yet it was all quite simple. Two bishops and one archbishop only performed the ceremony. A humble bandsman from Bovo's regiment played "Ave Maria" on the bass trombone; while the bridegroom, for all his wealth and many titles, stood alone, save for his best man, at the chancel steps, just like any ordinary wedding. Thus, in that simple country setting, my sister Mipsie gave her hand to a man who never really attempted to understand her or to appreciate her amazing qualities.

Things started going wrong, Mipsie tells me, as early as their honeymoon, which was spent at Kings Maunders, the beautiful and romantic home of Lord Dotage, which had been lent for that supposedly happy time. One afternoon Bovo could not find Mipsie anywhere, and after a long search discovered her in a spinney talking to a young man who rented some of the shooting, under the impression that it was her husband. The two men were of much the same height, both fair with small moustaches, and Mipsie had only been married two days. It wasn't such a very serious mistake to make—but Bovo immediately took umbrage, as he always did at the adorable vagueness which was part of her charm.

The next quarrel was about the house. It must be explained that although the dukedom of Briskett was comparatively recent, the family of Loigne, as Earls of Chine, had lived in historic Briskett Castle in Northumberland since the Conquest. Queen Elizabeth had stayed awake all one night in the State bedroom, King Charles II had shot an oak-apple off his brother's head in the park, Perkin Warbeck, as a scullion in the Briskett kitchens, had served up the meal which caused Henry VII never to smile again. Several well-known ghosts also lived there.

But fine though the castle undoubtedly was, it was an austere and depressing place for a young bride of nineteen, and Mipsie can hardly be blamed for attempting to cheer it up somewhat. Her faultless taste naturally led, after her recent stay in Paris, to French décor, and so she had graceful Louis Quinze legs fitted on to the clumsy oak refectory tables, the fan vaulting of the Great Hall painted in the style of Boucher, and turned one of the dungeons into a *Salle des Glaces* as a compliment to Versailles, besides making a torture chamber into a very cosy little visitors' bathroom. She also gave orders for sprays of orchids to hang from the vizors of the suits of mail—for she just couldn't live without orchids, so great was her love of nature—and bunches of carnations and roses to be placed daily in the jaws of the various skin rugs which lay all over the castle (Bovo's father having been a keen big-game hunter). When Bovo seized an armful of these lovely blossoms and threw them into the fire, Mipsie immediately realized, with her delicate feminine intuition, that he was displeased, and essayed to mend matters by taking the best rug in the collection, a magnificent snow leopard, and having it made into a cloak in compliment to the father-in-law she had never seen. Could graceful tact go further? But this only seemed to make Bovo more angry still. He forbade her to alter the castle any more, saying that what was good enough for his ancestors was good enough for him. "Of course, dear. Too good," Mipsie said soothingly, but for some unaccountable reason that charming tribute to his forefathers was the last straw. Bovo flung himself out of the room, as he went breaking off the ormolu top which Mipsie had had fixed to a Saxon halberd and hurling it out of the window. It was their first real disagreement.

I have mentioned the Briskett ghosts. These included the headless third earl, who was said to walk the long gallery every night. For generations a beaker of brandy and a biscuit had been laid out, on a level with the head beneath his arm, each night by the butler. Brandy and biscuit were always gone by morning. But Bovo's mother, who was Scottish, thought the custom extravagant and silly, and stopped it. The butler immediately

gave notice. It is rather touching to think how much family tradition meant to servants in those good old days.

Then there was at one time a white stable cat which was said to have jet black kittens every time one of the Loigne family died. But there was, I believe, some other explanation of that phenomenon not connected with the supernatural. Lastly, there was the famous Red Sultan, whom Mipsie actually saw.

The sobriquet was given to the seventh earl for his oriental habits and character, which were known for miles around. He was eventually murdered by an irate farmer who discovered his daughter—a maidservant in the castle—dancing on the dining-table before Lord Chine, dressed entirely in strings of coral. The ghost, appalled in gorgeous eastern robes and smoking a hookah, is said to haunt a room in the North Tower, which is consequently never used. But one day both Mipsie and "Weed" Wastrel (Sir Arthur Wastrel, an old admirer of hers, so nicknamed for his habitual cigar) announced their intention of keeping watch for one night in the haunted room. They tossed—and Mipsie won "first go." Next morning she declared that the Red Sultan had indeed appeared, but her description of him was so vague that a sceptic might have thought she had dreamed the whole thing but for one curious circumstance. A thick, strongly scented ash was found on the carpet afterwards, somewhat reminiscent of cigar ash, but doubtless emanating from the ghostly hookah. So I think there can be no doubt but that my sister really did receive a visitation that night.

M. D.

Education

"IT is wonderful," said Captain Symphon, "what education can do for these Africans. I have just met a most intelligent young Kugomba. He is an Education Sergeant, and he travels all over the Middle East in his truck, carrying the Light of Learning to the Kugombas, just as we carry the Warmth of Welfare. To-morrow he is going to Alexandria, and as we also want to go to Alexandria and our truck, as usual, is in workshops, I have arranged to get a lift in his."

"I suppose," I said, "that he and his driver will sit in front, and we shall have to sit behind and get bruised and battered. We can hardly turf him

out of his place at the front if he is obliging us with a lift."

"Rubbish," said Sympson. "I know it is the unwritten law in the Middle East that the proprietor of the truck sits in front, whatever his rank, but these Kugombas are the soul of courtesy, and I am sure he will offer me the front seat. Then you can have him in the back with you, and he can give you a few much-needed lessons in Swahili. Your attempts at the language get feebler and feebler every day."

The next morning the Education Sergeant called for us with his truck.

"Captain Conkleshill, meet Sergeant Obolongo Okongo . . . one of the Kakomega Okongos . . ." said Sympson, introducing me. Then he turned to Okongo. "Jolly decent of you to take us to Alexandria, old man," he said, "and I've thought of a splendid idea. My friend Conkleshill is anxious to polish up his Swahili, and I know how keen you Education fellows are on doing your stuff, so I suggest that you and he sit in the back of the truck and talk Swahili all the way to Alexandria. I don't at all mind sitting in front with the driver, even if it is a bit cold."

Obolongo could hardly help taking so broad a hint, but he gave Sympson the sort of look that his remote ancestors probably gave a captured enemy before consigning him to the pot. Then he muttered a few words to the driver, and he and I climbed into the back, while Sympson made himself comfortable in the front.

"It's a nice morning, isn't it?" said Sympson to the driver as they started. The driver, a very savage-looking man with big holes in his ears, immediately stopped the car, got out, and went and fetched Obolongo.

"He wants to know what you said to him," said Obolongo. "He speaks no Swahili—only his tribal language of Kimugga."

"I just remarked that it was a nice day," explained Sympson, "for the time of year."

Obolongo passed this information on to the driver, who did not seem impressed, and we started off again. Unfortunately one of the things that Sympson is least good at is keeping silent, and about ten minutes later, wanting to light his pipe, he asked the driver if he could oblige him with a match.

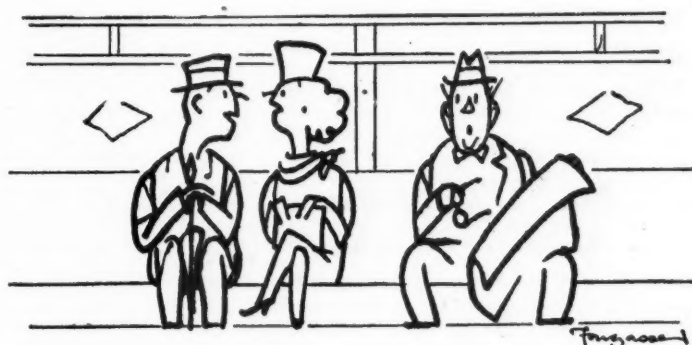
The car stopped again and Obolongo explained to the driver that Sympson only wanted a match, and the driver jabbered away in his tribal language and waved his arms about.

"He says that if we are to get to Alexandria before dark," the sergeant

Why is it that rumours—



that only amuse when pressed on us by friends—



seem terribly convincing when overheard from strangers?

translated, "you had better cut your conversation down to a minimum."

Sympson says that the effort he made not to pass any remarks during the next half-hour almost reduced him to apoplexy, and in the end he thought if he could not speak he would indulge in a snatch of song. No sooner had he started than the car stopped again.

"I just said," he explained to Obolongo, "that there were Blue Birds Over the White Cliffs of Dover. But I'm quite as fed up with this business as you are, so I will join Captain Conkleshill in the back of the truck while you come in front."

He was so relieved to be able to talk again that he hardly shut his mouth all the way to Alexandria, where we said good-bye to Obolongo and presented ourselves to Major Onion of 747 Group. Sympson told him all

about the driver who spoke only the tribal language of the Kimuggas.

"Education is certainly a wonderful thing for these Africans," said Major Onion, "but it is apt to make them a bit cunning. I happen to know that Obolongo's driver speaks fluent Swahili and also that Obolongo hates travelling in the back of the truck. Also, by the way, there is no such tribe as the Kimuggas."

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To the Quick from the Dead

"A legacy is a quick walk."—Schoolboy's definition.

o o

Daring Simile

"Koenigsberg is like a teeming antelope where none can see exactly what is happening," one German junior officer said.

West Indies paper.



"My number? When I joined we didn't have numbers—we all knew one another."

Our Open Forum

XIII—Ringling the Exchanges

Mr. L. Lett-Luce, of Bootle, who makes this sustained contribution to our series of chats on Reconstruction, is well known as a delegate. He has been there and everywhere, but this is his first appearance here. His numerous works on taxation and finance are remarkable for their clarity, being printed in 14-pt. Camberwell Bold. The long trilogy, "Debentures," "Equities" and "Cumulative Preference," in which we may follow the lovable Benskins from cradle to grave, should become one of the greatest tragedies in our literature. Mr. Lett-Luce has a soft spot for children and another for horses. For obvious reasons he prefers not to remain anonymous.

THE other day a young friend of mine—a convenient little chap who often brightens my introductory remarks in this way—suddenly blurted out a question about the fiduciary issue. It is a useful precaution in such circumstances to count seven before replying. I began to count, starting from minus five to be on the safe side.

I know of course that psychology urges every adult to speak fearlessly to children even on the most delicate matters, but I could not help feeling that in this matter, at least, the boy's parents should first be consulted. It was conceivable that, from the best motives, they had themselves withheld the information now solicited. I reached seven, stammered something about storks, bulls and bears, and changed the subject. I may have blushed a little.

Thank goodness, friends, that I can speak freely to you without any such misgivings.

Let us start with a question that seems to puzzle everybody—why is the pound sterling so much more valuable than other national currency units? At the moment the pound (one pound only, mark you) is worth approximately 4 dollars, 200 francs, 17 kroner, 520 piastres, 44 pesetas, 71 lire and not inconsiderable quantities of bolivianos, cruzeiros, pesos, rupees, roubles, soles, lats and yuan. This is a source of constant irritation to foreigners. Why, they ask themselves, should not the English have to offer many pounds to get one of our dollars, francs . . . lats and yuan?

Why not, indeed? At first sight, let us admit it, this financial phenomenon seems decidedly queer—so queer in fact that it would be wiser perhaps to let the matter lie on the table. Unfortunately, they let the cat out of the Bank at Bretton Woods and it will not be put back without a struggle.

Which of these statements explains correctly why the pound has the dollar at a disadvantage?

1. The pound's watermark is deeper and less brackish.
2. The pound is backed by more gold.
3. It will buy more in Britain than the dollar will buy in America.
4. An Englishman's word is his bond.

Will those in favour of the second statement please raise their right hands? Thank you. Now their left hands? Reach up, Miss Turnbull. That's *much* better.

Consider the problem from another angle. It is a remarkable fact that the pound gets longer as it nears the equator and is shorter towards the poles. Thus, in the hottest countries it will exchange for vast quantities of local currency—shells, beads, nuts, etc.—while in cooler climes it almost disappears from circulation. The short pound is sometimes known as the pound Stirling.

My travels have taken me to almost every corner of the globe. At a particularly sharp one in South America, where I was selling plastics forward, I overheard a swarthy wholesaler say to a somewhat sallow colleague: "And remember, *amigo mio*, an Englishman's word, whatever else it may be, is certainly not collateral." If this is true—and there is no reason why it should be—we have only ourselves to blame. How can we expect the foreigner to believe what we preach but do not practice? The next time you happen to be in the bank on business try "An Englishman's word is his bond" on the manager and watch his lip curl back as he shows you to the door.

I am sorry, friends, to end on this grim note. But do not be unhappy about the exchanges. Talk about them among yourselves. Can man ring the exchanges? One or the other must perish.

HOD.

English in the Office

EVERY time I see one of those baskets for orange peel, banana skins, grape-fruit rind and other refuse I think if you keep a thing long enough it's sure to come in. I suppose they will get the peace all finalized some day and everything decouped and de-austerized and no more pointage to worry about or make-doing, and I only hope Doris's girl-friend who's in the Civil Service will manage to last out. She may be 5 feet 9 inches in her stocking feet now but won't have a pair to her name if this war goes on much longer, and can't even wear her slacks now they've turned into tights just when she's lent to Strip Control.

Anyway we're all putting a sock in it in our office, and

a good thing I managed to get that summer holiday of mine in November in because it made a new woman of me and I'm feeling quite my old self again now, touch wood. Doris and I are beginning to think war is like packing and the nearer you get to the end the surer you are you never will. But we're getting letters already about reconstruction prior to the outbreak of peace, and after all you never know with the Russians rushing along like they do, and look how soon we got used to no sirens and the dim-out. Though to my mind it's more trouble remembering to do it carelessly and leave chinks than blacking-out properly, and I often think of the way they used to tell us if a thing's worth doing it's worth doing well. I wouldn't mind so much myself though if only it was always the same time. It's having to watch the black-out every day that literally makes me see red.

It's like shopping and no good ever trying to plan ahead because you never know where you stand with all these queues. Look at Doris and her girl-friend who had her Christmas-shopping afternoon off the other morning because she took her leave too early in December. They set off in good time but by 11.30 they'd only got as far as no fish at the fishmonger's and halfway up the potato queue when one of those things went off with a bang which always makes you jump because you might be buried and dead before any of your friends were any the wiser. So they rushed back at once and found her girl-friend had been blitzed a bit, though the lady below's place was a lot worse, her glass having fallen inside and she said she wouldn't like to be in Cinderella's slippers nowadays.

But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and Doris's girl-friend's cat Winston thought the glass had been taken out specially for his benefit, being about as big a gadabout as his namesake, and went frisking in and out of the windows all the time she hadn't got any till our refugee said he didn't understand: frisking meant the G-man making sure you hadn't gotten a gun, didn't it?

However, next thing Winston jumped out straight into a Civil Defence dog and jumped back again quicker than he went right into our refugee, who said to him firmly, "Within or without!" He says Winston is like all cats: can't answer to his name in any language but can smell fish even in Basic, which always makes me think of slag, that being the Works Manager's headache. All because Doris had brought some sardines in with her and the cat was following her round, all purrs, but Doris said he was only being businesslike and thanking her in anticipation, just like Mr. Head does every other letter we write.

Jim, my boy-friend in the Drawing-office, was telling us now ices are back we'll be having éclairs next, and our refugee said éclair was only the French for blitz, so no wonder he gets his languages a bit mixed up if the same word can mean bombs in one language and a cream bun in another.

He's quite proud now of knowing to get out at Strand if he wants Charing Cross, but what gets him is our postal districts, because a friend of his's address is Southgate, N.14, and coming back he has to change for Southbound Northern Line.

I will say I saw what he meant the other day when I wrote to the Board of Trade at Cheyne Walk and of course put S.W.3, and the acknowledgment came back from another one at Hendon, which is just being a copy-cat when everyone knows it's in Chelsea. But anyway Doris and I have washed our hands of the B.O.T. ever since the office

boy of all people found "permissible" in one of their forms just after I'd made him look it up for myself because Willie never could spell for toffee but you'd think the Board of Trade could.

Willie's joined the church choir now, so probably that explains why I found a note when I got back from the bank last week to say the shippers had rung up to have a cymbal number confirmed. He's getting all thrilled now over musical instruments and stuck up a list in his corner, and I can't say I was really surprised to notice the wool-winds in it when you think of all he's had to do for Doris and me, especially since she began a pullover for a Liberated Child that's twice the size of mine for the Navy.

We've taken to having tea earlier now and put the teapot down to warm as soon as ever we get back from lunch on two biscuit tins piled up in front of the fire, what Doris calls a built-up area. Only the other day after she'd filled the teapot Doris tried to put it back on the ring instead of the kettle—just the kind of daft thing you find yourself doing nowadays—and of course the whole thing went over. But she says I needn't talk because we all jumped back out of the way and I dropped a pile of letters and a bun right into it. However, we just put them down to dry, seeing nobody cares what letters look like nowadays when you look at some of those that come into this office, and it wouldn't have mattered so much if half the tea hadn't been spilt and of course the teapot lid broke and there was none left for Mr. Head, so after Willie had finished his mopping-up operations we made a fresh lot with the teapot lid to be going on with. After all, we may have broken all our New Year resolutions months ago now but nobody can say we're not always ready to turn over a new tea-leaf.

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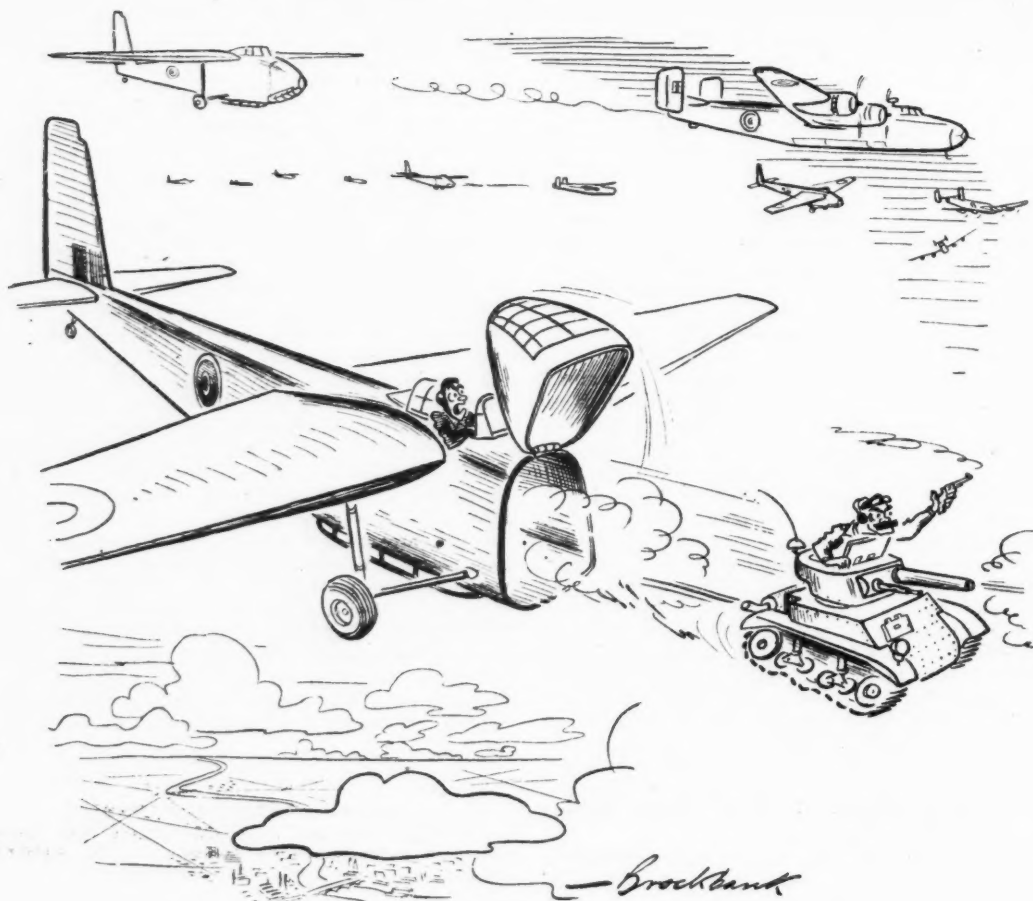
Security Black-Out Lifted.

"Last night's Russian communiqué stated that Vassilevsky's forces had captured more than 40 places and taken 4,000 prisoners and 300 guns during March 1920."—Daily paper.



"Now be fair: I only turn round and glare when you ring for a fixed stop—and hardly ever when you ring more than once for a request. . . ."

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"... Wait for it. WAIT for it!"

The Day

(A famine in brass instruments is reported.)

IN the village where I dwell
We're preparing for the day
Which the optimists foretell
Can't be very far away.
We'd originally planned
To create a local Band.
We were told the art of playing
Could be readily acquired
To the point at least of braying
In the manner we desired,
Not particularly classy
But hilarious and brassy,
But we came to an impasse,
For we found where'er we sought
Not an instrument of brass
Could be borrowed, bagged, or bought.

It was urged by Mr. Skeat
That old Jennings with his cornet
Should parade the village street,
And no doubt we could have borne it,

But it had a certain lack
For it wasn't polyphonic
And it wouldn't have the smack
Of a lifter and a tonic,
So we gathered at The Crown
And we turned old Jennings down.

Our ingenious Mrs. Draper
Then suggested that a Band
Formed of combs and tissue paper,
Though you wouldn't call it grand,
Was melodious and appealing,
But it struck us that the comb,
Though the very thing for dealing
With the Sweetness of one's Home,
Would be lacking in the pride
Of the Oompah, let alone
The majestic Ophicleide
And preposterous Trombone,
So we gathered at The Crown
And we turned the notion down.

But we had a final meeting,
And resolved for lack of choice
That we'd give The Day its Greeting
With the simple human voice.
We shall learn to sing in parts
(Leaving out the higher notes)
And I only hope our hearts
Will be better than our throats.
I'm aware that Mrs. Birch
With her quavering soprano
Can exasperate in church
Till one almost yells "Piano!"
And I fear that Mr. Jones
(Base in voice though pure of mind)
Will emit those charnel tones
Flat, and half a bar behind,
And what may lie before us
At rehearsal, who can say,
Till we lift a reedy chorus
(With old Jennings) on The Day.
DUM-DUM.



THE NEW BOY

Mr. R. A. Butler: "It may not be very easy at first, but you'll soon settle down."

[The new Education Act came into force on April 1st.]



"Take your goat away: we want to do some artillery practice."

After the War

IT can now be revealed that a Committee, presided over by Mr. Albert Haddock, has been sitting about for some time considering the Use and Abuse of War Inventions in the Post-War Period. Nothing whatever has been decided.

For instance, take the "Duck." Mr. Haddock, long ago, asked the War Office if he might have the first refusal of a nice Duck in good condition. In the old days, when Mr. Haddock used a mere boat on London River, as a rule single-handed, there was always the trouble that if he wished to go ashore, eat at the club, or make a law or two, he had to find a safe mooring for her—and even then he was never wholly secure from pirates, burglars, and small boys. Now, however, he sees himself chugging down the river in his Duck from Hammersmith and storming ashore at Westminster—no doubt the L.C.C. and P.L.A. will put their heads together about the construction of a ramp or two from the river to the Embankment. He will then steam about the town for a bit, doing his shopping in his wet Duck, and leave

her for lunch outside the club, or perhaps in New Palace Yard. Moreover, skilfully converted, the Duck would make a very spacious "cabin-cruiser".

Mr. Haddock hopes to have some nice parties in his Duck, sometimes at sea, sometimes in a car-park, sometimes on the Serpentine; and All Night Sitings (if he is still a legislator) will have no terrors for him. His bed will be there.

But what Mr. Haddock thinks of to-day, the ordinary ass may think of six or seven months later. Suppose that less scrupulous persons, dwelling on the south or east coast of England, think of acquiring Ducks? What is to prevent them from driving into the sea, across the Channel, up the beach the other side, into the nearest town where they can pick up a case of brandy, down to the beach, and home again? Nothing but a coast-guard system such as no country has ever contemplated, and a vast fleet of fast preventive vessels. Representatives of the Inland Revenue Department who gave evidence before the Committee made no attempt to conceal

their concern. Nothing, however, as we have already shyly confessed, has been decided.

Then what is to happen to those noble craft the Landing Ships (Tank), which have done so much for Ultimate Victory? Their possibilities for good are tremendous—and obvious. Every popular "watering-place" will have one; and the owners of the poor old *Skylark*, we fear, will have to work pretty hard to win their bread against them. More than that, the L.S.T.s should lighten the economic problems of many a small, remote seaside community. Instead of expensive and irregular deliveries of coal and fish, and so forth, by road or rail, a sailing-ship, the L.S.T., will punctually and cheaply land all they want on their own sands or shingle. Mr. Albert Haddock has already floated a company to acquire a fleet of the great vessels for this fine purpose, the ships to work by regions from selected central harbours.

So far, so good. But, again, suppose that private individuals start buying L.S.T.s—or even L.C.T.s? What will

the Customs do then, poor things? The smuggler's trouble has always been that he is harshly denied the use of proper harbours, and cannot conveniently make use of the open coast. All that business of transferring the stuff to small boats and landing it through the surf is tiresome, difficult, and dangerous, especially if the load be large. The L.S.T. has solved the problem. She can carry an immense load, and land it almost anywhere, rocks excepted. She need never use the same place twice. What a teaser for the little coast-guard, bicycling about in the dark!

The Committee have also given some attention to the various electrical devices—to "Radar," the "beam," the Magic Eye, and so on. Ships, we understand, can now detect the presence, and measure the distances, of other ships in fog or darkness, and, having done that they can, like the aeroplane, open fire with deadly effect. There seems to be no particular reason why the householder should not, eventually, use similar methods against the burglar, and members of that fraternity have bitterly complained that it will be quite impossible to carry on their profession with the same efficiency if he does.

Similar anxieties have reached us from the world of sport. The Committee, so far, see no reason why "Radar" and "beam" should not be used to detect the presence of grouse and pheasants and even to divert their line of flight. Again, the employment of some sort of "Asdic" to locate the salmon and the trout seems to be purely a question for the sporting sense of the individual. The Echo-Sounder, we are informed, has long assisted the deep-sea fisherman to find the herring shoal, and this would but be an extension of the practice from salt water to fresh. We presume, too, that before very long it may be possible to employ similar devices for the detection and destruction of the fox, but on this point we have heard no evidence.

Other considerations, however, might arise in the case of long-range pursuits, such as stag-hunting. A strong deputation of Scottish residents expressed concern at the prospect of earnest sportsmen following stags about the moor under cover of smoke-screens and shooting them through mist with the aid of the "Magic Eye". We think there may be substance in these objections, though nothing has been decided.

The future of the "doodle-bug" or Flying Bomb has also engaged our attention. Whether the frontiers of Germany should be ringed with F.B.

installations; whether one of these missiles should be discharged into all the principal towns at about half-past six every Saturday evening to ensure that the lesson of the war be not too easily forgotten; these are questions of fascinating interest, but fall outside the scope of our Committee.

But is there any decent future for the Doodle-bug? We think there is. Properly considered, it is, after all, no more than an extension of the principle of the devices commonly seen in big stores and drapers' shops, for the rapid transmission of messages and documents overhead. Suitably adapted it might revolutionize the handling of mails, and should make the sending of a letter from London to Paris a matter of minutes. The mails, at the appropriate points, would be landed by parachute; and after the last delivery the machine would be guided by radio to the postal airfield. Several towns have expressed the hope that they will not be in the neighbourhood of any preliminary experiments; but the Committee have come to no decision. Partly because Mr. Haddock himself has applied for certain patents and has floated a company to watch and develop the scheme.

A certain firm of publicity agents has applied for a licence to run a fleet of helicopters which would hover over London day and night, advertising by means of super-loud-speakers, banners and coloured lights, the virtues of certain shaving creams, patent medicines and alcoholic liquors. The Committee are against this.

A. P. H.

Hollywood and England

(An open letter to Sir Aubrey Smith, Dean of Hollywood's English Colony)

DEAR SIR AUBREY,—It is always a pleasure to see you on the screen, particularly because when you, an Englishman, are playing Englishmen, Hollywood seems to have some respect for the verities. I imagine that you are pretty firm with your producers and prevent them making asses of themselves. But the other pictures—the ones that you are not in—about England! Do you ever go and see them? I wish you would, because they might stir you to deliver to the boss-class of Hollywood some of the following tips from your own heart, and not secondhand from me.

The trouble is that I have in one and the same week seen *The Constant Nymph* (Boyer/Fontaine) and *Mrs. Parkington* (Pidgeon/Garson). Now, I have seen Hollywood's version of *Our Island Story* often enough; and I know a thing or two. I know that Guy Fawkes blew up the Houses of Parliament, that the Earl of Leicester defeated the Spanish Armada for the love of the Queen, and that when Raffles played cricket for England he fielded in his blazer. I know that for informal family dinners tails and gardenias are *de rigueur*, and that at the Hunt Ball there are, beyond the big French windows, always balconies, rose-decked, moonlit and unoccupied. All right, I could go on with the list, and so could you.

By my immediate concern is with British Field Sports. In *Mrs. Parkington* they introduce huntin'; in *The Constant Nymph*, a shot-gun.

The hunting scenes in *Mrs. Parkington* are in Sussex, high summer, and fairly bad taste. After the hunt a European king, who has come uninvited to the house of the American Dollar-Baron (Pidgeon), goes to sleep under a tree while waiting hungrily for the Hunt Breakfast. Later, there is a lot of *double entendre* back-chat about the "hunting season" between Garson (Pidgeon's wife) and some Russian countess (who won the brush at the hunt that morning). That night the countess sends the footman in to Garson in her boudoir with the said brush, as a gift to Garson in acknowledgment that Garson has won the "hunt" (for her husband). The footman puts the brush, cut that morning, on Garson's dressing-table, nobody notices any smell or anything, and the king commands the defeated Russian countess to come away and be lady-in-waiting to the queen, and look slippery about it.

But *The Constant Nymph's* gun-play is even more nerve-racking. In this film a "rich British sportsman" (Charles Coburn) is put through a series of actions that brought me on an attack of twitchings and toe-curlings even more acute than I usually suffer when Hollywood introduces shot-guns.

It is Switzerland, and spring-time. The rich British sportsman has come out, against his will, to inspect the relics of his wayward sister . . . two daughters living in happiness and squalor, the offspring of a runaway marriage (?) with a drunken old musician. Uncle Charles wears tweeds and bellows for bacon and eggs for breakfast. But our first introduction to him is a couple of loud reports



"Sorry, gw'nor, but it's wanted as evidence in a libel action."

upstairs in the chalet. Then he comes clumping downstairs, with his hat on, carrying a double-barrelled twelve-bore shot-gun on his shoulder, and grumbling because he had missed a crow whose cawing had kept him awake all night. He is now going out into the garden to get him.

So far, so wrong. No rich British sportsman would have his hat on in the house, certainly not before breakfast. Nor would he carry a gun at the slope, coming downstairs, in someone else's house. Especially as it is obvious that the gun is loaded. The side-pockets of Uncle Charles' well-cut sports coat have no bulges to indicate the presence of cartridges (shells to Hollywood). And he has fired twice, and missed, from

his bedroom window. It is extremely improbable that a rich British sportsman would have missed a sitting crow, twice, and by so much that the bird would still be in the canton.

My quarrel with Hollywood about shot-guns is a long-standing one. Broken down into items, it goes like this. All Hollywood shot-guns are loaded at birth, and can be fired interminably without reloading. The only cartridges that exist are already up the spout. No Hollywood shot-gun has a safety-catch. Most Hollywood shot-guns are fired in the house. No Hollywood shot-gun is ever cleaned: which is bad, because cartridges that make as much smoke as Hollywood cartridges do would foul up the

barrels very quickly. And if Hollywood wants to have shot-guns in England it is time they were told that the sport of shooting in England is straight-jacketed with rules of etiquette which the toddlers in their Eton days absorb from their fathers without question, and hand on to their sons later, also without question.

Another query: Where does Uncle Charles' gun come from? It is a good-looking, hammerless twelve-bore. If it had belonged to the house (where they had no more than half a bottle of brandy for Charles Boyer, and couldn't pay the grocer's bill) the gun would have been pawned long ago. Also, if it had belonged to the house it would undoubtedly have been a hammer gun, probably Belgian, and rusty as the dickens. Uncle Charles wouldn't have touched it; or, if he had to kill the crow, he would have handled the gun very gingerly, and outside the house.

No. The implication is that Uncle Charles brought his own Purdey out from England, to Switzerland, in the spring-time. What did he think he was going to shoot, for heaven's sake? Chamois?

Luckily, Joan Fontaine talks him out of pursuing the crow that he had missed. I'd like to say here that no British sportsman, rich or otherwise, would deny Joan Fontaine anything—except the use of a loaded gun. In this film she takes the (loaded) gun from Uncle Charles' shoulder with a smile that would make all the fairies at the bottom of even a Swiss garden mad with jealousy, and she lays it down on the window-seat, covering it up laughingly with cushions, out of harm's way. Ugh! The thought of this gun lying there loaded for the rest of that day (and in that household probably for all the week 'till Joan Fontaine is taken back to school in London) made me very nervous all through the Boyer/Alexis Smith kissing scene that followed.

They all got back safely to London, I am glad to say. And the next we see of Uncle Charles he is on a horse, in The Row, in a rainstorm. Which is fair enough.

Please, Sir Aubrey, tell Hollywood, when they next want to have English huntin' and shootin' in a film, to send for me to advise them. I won't charge them more than \$1,000 a week, and their money will have been well spent.

Yours,

still wondering about that fresh-cut fox brush in Greer Garson's boudoir, and still nervous about that gun under the Sanger cushions,

POOR BRITISH SPORTSMAN.



OPENING OF THE 1917 OVERTURE

This cartoon of Earl Lloyd George of Dwyfor, whose lamented death was announced last week, appeared in *Punch* on December 20 1916, when he took control of the Government which brought us to victory in the war of 1914-1918.

At the Play

"THE ASSASSIN" (SAVOY)

HISTORY records that on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, in the year 1942, Admiral François Darlan, High Commissioner of France in Africa, was shot in his office at Algiers by a Royalist student, Olivier Bonnier de la Chapelle. Next day the assassin was court-martialled, and on the day following duly executed by a firing-squad.

Mr. IRWIN SHAW, an American dramatist, has now written a play which passes in Algiers during the November and December of 1942. Here also is an Admiral, one *Vesperi*, podgy and pallid and endowed by that good actor Mr. ARTHUR YOUNG with a cat-like tread, a sinister sibilance, and a face of doom. Here too is the Royalist—rechristened *Robert de Mauny* and played with swift precision by Mr. BARRY MORSE. Murder, court-martial, speedy execution: in outline the parallel between history and stage is accurate. Clio yields graciously when, for theatrical reasons, the Admiral is shot not in his office but during the delivery of a radio speech. We do not see the assassination which in the film script should be a high moment. (There is certain to be a film: the material is rich.) Instead, with a little crowd of men and women, true French loyalists of Algiers assembled in an underground café, we listen to the revolver-shots as they put a period to *Vesperi's* speech and Algiers radio flickers off the air.

Mr. SHAW's reconstruction is a bold effort, largely—if not entirely—successful. He begins by establishing the atmosphere of a city where none can trust his neighbour and "I spy" is a game of death and life. Everywhere plots, daggers in men's smiles, the shadow of the double-cross. Vichy men, Gaullists, Communists, monarchists—all the factions are here: Mr. SHAW twines and twists them in a cunning melodramatic tangle. Little (of the type) could be better than the first scenes in which *Malassis*, Vichy detective—the slithiest of toves as played by Mr. HENRY OSCAR—is now

up, now down, now up again, in his conflict with the inner circle of the "underground" in *Bouvard's* café. This to-day is theatrically first-rate, though we may doubt whether it will endure in the years ahead. After time has blurred the dark fantasy of Darlan, playgoers may find it hard to sort the Capulets and Montagues of embattled and embittered Algiers.

Robert de Mauny is presented as a helpless victim of circumstance. How could he have guessed, when he dropped into *Bouvard's* café on a night of early November, that within two

level intrigue at *Vesperi's* headquarters, the bargaining between *Moussset* and *de Mauny*, *Malassis* intervening—this is quick and plausible. Suddenly the play wavers. The flash of the hustled trial (probably true enough) is ineffective, though here we mark *Moussset's* triumphant calm as he sits dumb among his fellow-generals. The final scene in the condemned cell, with the arrival of the young patriot *Hélène* to warn the assassin of his end, slides into sentimental routine. Mr. SHAW chooses to bring down his curtain on a long summing-up speech to the firing-squad by a spotlit *de Mauny*. This is an excess of zeal. There was no need to pad out the play, and excitement withers. *Hélène* is the trouble; the author, we assume, had to provide a love interest, and dutifully did so.

As it is, we can still admire the earlier drive and intensity: if we are to have such reconstructions as these, Mr. SHAW's direct, have-at-you methods—are—until the fatal third act—as good as any. The producer, Mr. MARCEL VARNEL, has ordered his stage with care, and the cast never dawdles. Mr. MORSE has the right presence and pace for the assassin, jaunty, emotional, strained, and Miss ROSALYN BOULTER does everything conceivable with *Hélène*, the Fighting Frenchwoman. There are other forthright performances by Mr. JULIAN SOMERS as a consumptive prisoner who—so the faithless *Moussset* has sworn—will face the

rifles instead of *de Mauny*; by Mr. GUY VERNEY as a Communist of the café; and by Miss RONA LAURIE as another of the regulars. We return with renewed pleasure to Mr. ROBERTS's intriguer, to Mr. OSCAR's master of fence, and to Mr. YOUNG's puffy Admiral, who reminds us often of Browning's line about the "plate of turtle, green and glutinous." J. C. T.

o o

Things That Might Have Been Better Expressed

"So extensive has been the damage that the Minister of Public Works, Mr. Semple, has described the flood as the worst national disaster since he became a Minister."

N.Z. Forces newspaper.

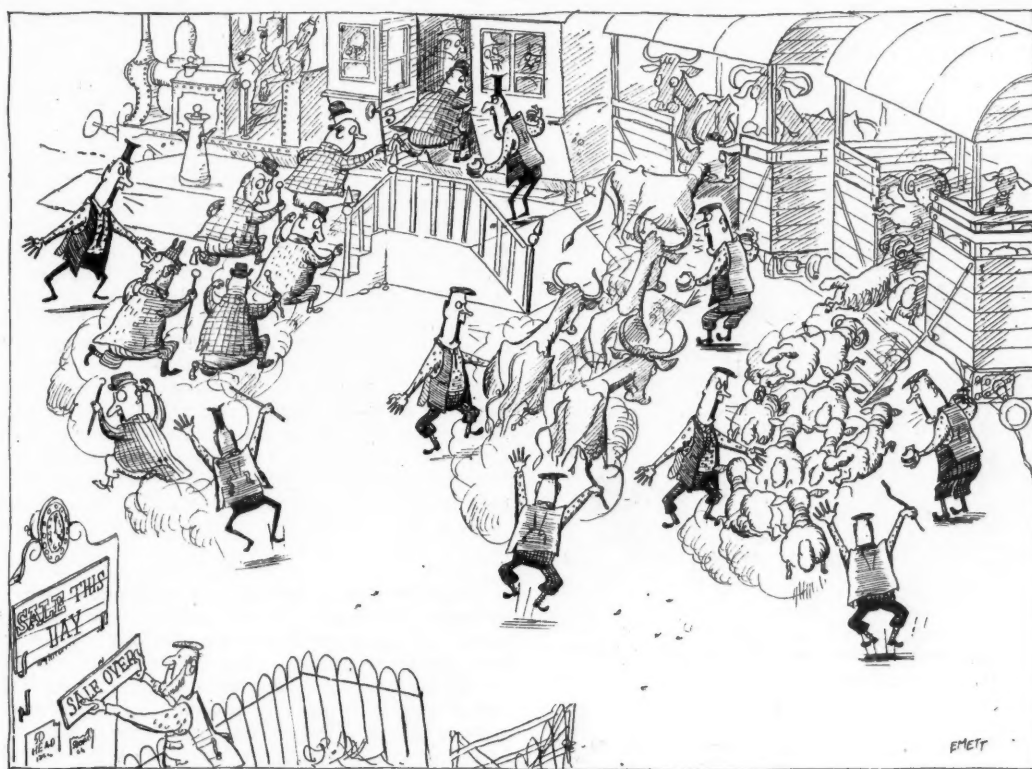


ORGANIZING A SHOOT

General Moussset Mr. J. H. ROBERTS
Robert de Mauny Mr. BARRY MORSE

months he would have influenced the history of the war and lost his own life? The play shows how he is enmeshed; how the purring tones of *General Moussset* (the scoundrel is Mr. J. H. ROBERTS, all silk and steel) persuade him to become *Vesperi's* executioner, on the pledge that his anti-Vichy friends will be released, and that he himself will go free. *Moussset's* promise is "as false as air, as water, wind, or sandy earth." Vainly the condemned assassin waits for intervention. Already he is a forgotten man. Duped and abandoned, *de Mauny* hears of his fate a few minutes before the last summons.

The café plotting, frayed nerves and sharp alarms, the to-and-fro of high-



Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Auden Extraordinary

HERE with the spring, much-heralded, is W. H. AUDEN'S new volume from America (*For the Time Being*, FABER, 8/6). It contains two long poems, with some prose passages. One, "The Sea and the Mirror," is a fantasy on Shakespeare's *Tempest*. The other is a fantasy on the Gospel story of the Nativity. The keynote of both poems is human failure—failure to be great, failure to respond to opportunity, failure to make of life a harmonious whole. Prospero, whose enchantments have brought so many people to a fair haven, has failed with Antonio (whom he tempted into treason), and with Caliban, a defiant wreck "that sprawls in the weeds and will not be repaired." In his Christmas oratorio AUDEN presents the Wise Men as scientists, the shepherds as an unwashed, propaganda-ridden proletariat, and Herod as a bewildered "common man"—the Civil Servant called on to decide. And between them, somehow, they fail—the precious thing is let slip—and the story ends (rather arbitrarily) with the flight into Egypt—the Holy Family escaping through the desert of the twentieth century. "Well, so that is that. Now we must dismantle the tree, putting the decorations back into their cardboard boxes." . . . Once again we have missed the revelation of love. An outline of the book conveys very little, because AUDEN'S ideas, like musical notes, have their undertones and overtones, and the point of

view shifts like a mirror set on angles. There is, for instance, the elaborate epilogue by Caliban on the relationship of art to the "indescribably, inexcusably awful" performance of life. Yes, it is interesting, and of course technically brilliant. But the disconcerting thing about the poems is not what the publisher calls AUDEN'S "profounder evolution" but *the lack of any evolution whatever*. He seemed so new at first! Perhaps it was not bliss at that time to be alive, but to be young was very Auden. The intricate rhythms, the sudden shock of familiar phrases (drawn *not* from the "rhythms of common speech" but from the jargon of psycho-analysts, left-wing periodicals and patent-medicine bottles), the sudden flashes of loveliness, which we recognize again in Miranda's song and in the lyric "Mary in a dream of love . . ." and then the trickiness, the fatal showing-off, the torturing self-consciousness. These things are disappearing in many poets of the thirties, but not in Mr. AUDEN. And that is why *For the Time Being*, in spite of its brilliance and its glimpses of a human spirit in pain, is, in fact, for the Day Before Yesterday.

P. M. F.

Aldous Huxley

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S formula for mysticism is non-attachment; but to picture a saint more is required than to draw someone who differs from the people around him in the merely negative way of not being involved in sensual or intellectual and æsthetic distractions. *Bruno Rontini*, the mystic who is supposed to embody the ideal life which the other characters in *Time Must Have a Stop* (CHATTO



"Isn't it wonderful, dear, to think there will be peace when next we spring-clean?"

AND WINDUS, 9/6) have so lamentably failed to attain, keeps a bookshop in Florence. We are introduced to him as he is pricing a newly-purchased batch of books in lire—"It was a beaked skull that bent over the books; but when he looked up, the eyes were blue and bright, the whole face wore an expression almost of gaiety . . . Bruno was thinking that the crossed L which he was tracing out before the numerals on every fly-leaf stood not only for Lire, but also for Love, also for Liberation." However, the opinions he expresses have a certain interest, since they presumably reflect the opinions which HUXLEY supposes a person in a state of non-attachment would hold, though the loving-kindness with which they have been diluted gives them rather an unctuous flavour. Here, for example, is *Bruno* on Dante—"Sadly, Bruno shook his head. 'Such a waste of such enormous gifts—it makes one feel inclined to weep.'" The other persons in the book illustrate attachment in its various forms. There is *Eustace*, a fat old sensualist, who is drawn with a mixture of relish and repulsion; there is *Mrs. Thwale*, decorous and depraved; there is *Sebastian*, a young poet who looks like a Della Robbia angel and in whose genius it would be easier to believe if no specimens of his verse had been given; and there is his father, *John Barnack*, a political idealist, reduced to despair by the present war. Although, because of his preoccupation with politics, he is summed up as "a self-stunted dwarf who had succeeded in consummating his own spiritual abortion," he is more real and more moving than *Sebastian* in the argument between them with which the book closes. *Sebastian*, now a disciple of *Bruno*, says everything that a student of mysticism ought to say, but the underlying conviction is missing, and so the dialogue between him and his father takes on the character of a conflict between what ALDOUS HUXLEY wishes to believe and what he actually feels.

H. K.

Words About Wars

In the first page of *Glory and Bondage* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6) Mr. EDGAR SNOW remarks, "When I returned to America in January 1941, for the first time since leaving it in 1928, I had already seen about a dozen years of war—mostly undeclared." His experiences in Japan, the Philippines, the East Indies and China only seem to have whetted his journalistic appetite, for after the Pearl Harbour episode, followed by an interview with President Roosevelt, he signed on as a war correspondent and went to India. He describes the Viceroy's Palace as having "everything but life," and Lord Linlithgow as an "obstinate, discouraged and honest man," but finds another sort of life in Gandhi's abode. From India, Mr. SNOW went to Iran, and thence to Russia. He has much to say about the Victory of Stalingrad, life behind the fighting-lines, Black Markets, and Winter in Moscow. In 1943 the author flew out of Russia and arrived in India in the middle of the worst heat. There he met General Wingate, whom he describes as "a Scripture-quoting soldier who hated the Army, he said, because it was an orthodoxy and he hated orthodoxy." The end of this stimulating, entertaining and crowded book is in Burma, where we leave the author meditating on international policy.

B. E. B.

Celebrities

Son of Sir Edwin Arnold, who published a very popular poem on Buddha in 1879 and was for many years a leader-writer on the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. JULIAN ARNOLD has met an extraordinary number of celebrities, ranging from Garibaldi to T. E. Lawrence, and including Tennyson and Darwin, Sir Richard Burton, Matthew Arnold and Henry Irving, Disraeli and Northcliffe, Dean Farrar, Conan Doyle and Andrew Carnegie. What he thinks of these famous men does not go very deep. He sums up Matthew Arnold, for example, as a man "who through

THE SPRING HAS COME ?

THE Spring has come for you and me
But not for sailors on the sea.
They may receive a daily tot
Of Navy rum to keep them hot,
They may accept a morning gin
To hold the central heating in.
But though these drinks create a glow
Can they rebuff the ice or snow?
Can artificial stimulants
Compete with heavy under-pants?
The answer's in the negative.
It's only woollen goods that give
Complete protection (which they need)
To naval ratings (Nelson's breed).
So up, ye knitters! Up, and knit
A scarf, some gloves (and see they fit),
Sea-boot stockings, helmets, too,
As long as they're in Navy blue.
But if you lack the wool, or skill,
Please write a largish cheque and fill
It in to PUNCH'S COMFORTS FUND;
Address it "Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4." And may we plead
That he gives twice who gives with speed?

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

love of learning was a scholar and convincing essayist, yet through love of life, a sun-bronzed athlete." But there are many interesting anecdotes in *Giants in Dressing-Gowns* (MACDONALD, 10/6). Andrew Carnegie told Mr. ARNOLD that one of the secrets of making money was never to let a customer settle the whole of his bill. Tennyson, during a dinner at which Mr. ARNOLD was present, praised as an inspired effect the insertion of the word "hearty" in the collect "We Thy unworthy servants do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks." Sir Richard Burton brought an Egyptian beggar, who had cursed Mr. ARNOLD for not giving him alms, to his knees with a terrific counterblast in pure Arabic. Mr. ARNOLD's picturesque style, however, gives a certain unreality to some of his stories. It is difficult, for instance, to imagine Sir John Lubbock saying of the Avebury menhirs that they were "the wraith of a distant past when Arthur and his knights of the round table were children playing with reeds for lances in the meadows of Cornwall."

H. K.

A Well-Provided Poet

Miss RUTH PITTER is one of the most enjoyable of contemporary poets. She has learnt her craft so carefully that she can afford to seem carefree in its exercise; and her message summons her listeners—as it has summoned herself—away from the gross pride, cruelty and greed of our times to a realm where material frugality and spiritual abundance go hand in hand. *The Bridge* (CRESSET PRESS, 5/-) spans, in over a score and a half of lyrics, that gulf between the known and the unknown at which it is fashionable to recoil. "Indeed we have no choice but to go over"—"we" being "The Lost Tribe," those "blood-brothers of the mind" who see and hear each other so rarely but whose aspect and voice are unmistakable. In the poet's world a little material goes a long way. "One Tree to the North" is enough to shelter a cottage—a mansion needs a grove. There is still a grateful word for "The Tall Fruit Trees" whose topmost crops pasture the starlings. And if the last, and the only defeatist, poem "Sinking" is the most melodious—a perfect siren-song—it is less characteristic than the difficult and sometimes less articulate gallantry which is the response of the whole book.

H. P. E.

Four Days at Sea

In *Northern Escort* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 6/-) Lieut.-Commander J. E. TAYLOR, R.N.R., gives the story of four days' life and death in a convoying destroyer, bound for Murmansk in the earlier days when, as her captain told the assembled ship's company, the Russians were fighting for their lives and this convoy might make "all the difference." He added, "The enemy will do his utmost to stop us." The first day brought assisting fog, and the loss of the convoy's only fighter plane to five enemy machines, but that, as the captain remarked, was "only the prelude." By the end of that first day the convoy had been attacked and damaged by three more enemy formations, though still ninety minutes away from the nearest enemy base. On the second day, U-boat attacks synchronized with air attacks, the destroyer accounted for one submarine and the fight through continued. One man spoke for them all—"When I was courting, I used to wait for the night and darkness. Aye—I used to long for it then, but never as I do now." The third day was the worst, bringing a direct hit, much experience for the surgeon-lieutenant, heroism among burning ammunition, gyro-damage, and the swift effective training of a crew for the remaining gun-turret. On the

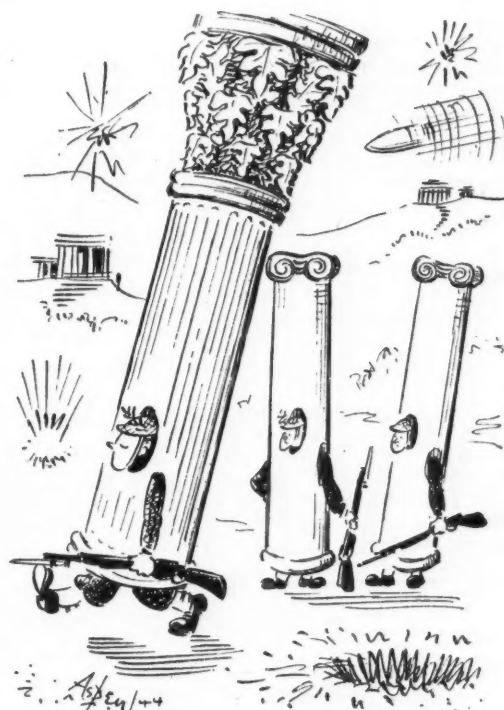
fourth day fog made a blanket for utter weariness, and permission was given to proceed independently to Murmansk so that the wounded might be saved. Then came another signal from the flagship—"God bless you, my gallant ship." This short and excellent book gives answer to any who may belittle the help we have given to Russia.

B. E. B.

A Story of Fear

TO MR. OLIVER ONIONS we now owe a masterly analysis of some elements of Fear—the surprise by night; the involuntary and hateful secret that cuts a man off from his fellows; the ambiguity of ordinary things, so that the very sunlight, so innocent for others, merely makes game of one's unhappy self; the lull when one almost comes to believe all will turn out well; and then at last the enemy closing in and the struggle without hope and the sudden simplicity and ease when one gives in. . . . The terror begins, in *The Story of Ragged Robyn* (JOSEPH, 8/6), in the mists of the Lincolnshire fens, where a boy is set upon by outlaws—this is the age of Pope and Dryden—and pricked with a knife and sent home to bring back tribute. Now almost anyone could think up something fearful of this kind—sea-mists, silence, figures abruptly looming up beside one. Where Mr. ONIONS has been particular is in the mock-titles and crazy finery, the long and happy middle section, in which *Robyn* has almost cast away his fears and is roaming England learning the art of the stonemason and trying to choose between study and a day-dream about the girl in the sunken garden, and of course all the twists and starts and recoveries in the boy's mind. *Robyn* fails the outlaws, but he pays for it—and that is another of the aspects of Fear, in this moving and fascinating tale, the unfairness of it all, that I, Robyn, should be chosen from all the boys in Lincolnshire for this ordeal and that I should have to pay for not doing ill.

J. S.



Secret Line

ONE of the things that fascinated me from the first about my new office was the telephone with a scrambler equipment. It looks just like any other telephone, but for the discussion of highly hush-hush matters there is a button marked "Secret." You press this, the chap at the other end does the same, and nobody can listen-in on the conversation—or, if they do, all they hear is something like a Czechoslovakian gramophone record played backwards.

I had a call on it for the first time this morning. It was wonderful.

Brr-brr. Brr-brr.

"Braithwaite here."

"Is that Captain Braithwaite?"

"Yes. Who is that?"

"Look, Braithwaite, I don't know whether you can help me—"

"Who is that?"

"Captain Clipper here. Look, I don't know whether—"

"Oh, hello, Clipper. Good morning."

"I don't know whether—good morning—I say, on second thoughts, this is rather delicate. Can you scramble?"

"What's that?"

"I'm on a scrambler; are you? Because I think we ought to go over, actually."

"Oh, I see. Yes. Righto, Clipper, I'm going over now."

"Righto. So am I. All right, Braithwaite?"

"Fine. What's the trouble?"

"Well, I ought tutter pubberly pat kikkert fupdidda—"

"Just a minute, Clipper. Have you gone over?"

"Can you hear me, Braithwaite?"

"Oh, yes—that's all right now. Can you hear me?"

"Yes, I can hear you all right. Look, I don't know furtivate banderbeck polo-clock dynasty. Some of the dynasty lilla glinoota purge."

"I'm sorry, Clipper; you haven't got your button pressed right down, or something."

"Thatherley? Sanhedrin remanciple remotherwise I can't hear a word you're saying. Press it right down. Now try again."

"There's nothing wrong with my button. What about yours?"

"Mine's all right. It must have

been yours, because I can hear you now. You have to watch the beastly things, or they ease themselves back into the Normal position. Can you hear me, Braithwaite?"

"Perfectly; and I don't know why you should think I don't know how to operate a scrambler. Still, it's all right now. What's the trouble, Clipper?"

"Well, it's only something I don't want the Exchange to overhear. Thought we'd better scramble. Be on the safe side."

"Yes, yes. What is it?"

"Hello, Braithwaite."

"Yes, yes!"

"Are you there, Braithwaite? Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Oh, good. I thought you'd gone."

"No. Let's have it, for Pete's sake."

"Right. Farrington said he thought you would be the man to get on to. He's heard a whisperootiform allybane defor defoot defimperstastic. Fupdidda winlow, akka wanlow, tutti bimbledonatil ferdicake—"



Hollowood

"But if the Armistice celebrations are staggered—scientifically, of course—the dangers of which I have spoken are correspondingly reduced."

"Clipper!"

"—colony fork itcheytak wimpona to ask you if you could manage it. It's for rather a special party, and there seems to have been a supply hitch at our end. Can you hear me, Braithwaite?"

"Well, yes. Only I don't quite—"

"I mean, if it can't be done, say so."

"What?"

"I say, if it can't be done, say so, and I'll try some other department."

"I know, I heard you the first time. I mean, if *what* can't be done?"

"Oh, good lord, man—if you can't manajelliboid fitskipper cubbyhole!"

"Cubbyhole?"

"Thatherley?"

"I CAN'T HEAR, CLIPPER!"

"Thatherley? Cattle fuddapip tekkaninny reason to burst my ear-drums. Perhaps we'd better funswatter eppicackertone and risk it. All right?"

"All right what?"

"I say, perhaps we'd better go over to Normal, and risk it. All right?"

"All right. But I think you ought to get your scrambler seen to."

"I don't see why you shudderbunny urthwerker to billerfotchet plystock. Fidoversby Normal now. Are you going over?"

"Yes, yes, yes. I'm over to Normal. Now what is it, for pity's sake?"

"You're P.M.C., aren't you, Braithwaite?"

"I'm what?"

"President of your mob's Mess Committee, aren't you?"

"What about it?"

"Yes. Farrington said he thought you were. We only wondered if you could let us have a couple of bottles of gin till the end of the month. Wade's posted, you know. He's offered us a party, but we're out of gin. So if you could... Hello. Hello. Braithwaite! Exchange... Exchange... am I still connected?... I am?... Braithwaite!... *Fub pudderley dimblank porribund dumbshank!*... J. B. B.

o o

Yah!

"South of the bulge, Lt. Gen. George S. Patton's U.S. Third army also was making offensive gestures before the Siegfried line...—U.S. paper.

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BEDTIME STORY. The day has been full of fun and now one more chapter of a bedtime story. Then it's time for a cup of OXO and happily to bed.

Prepared from



PRIME RICH BEEF

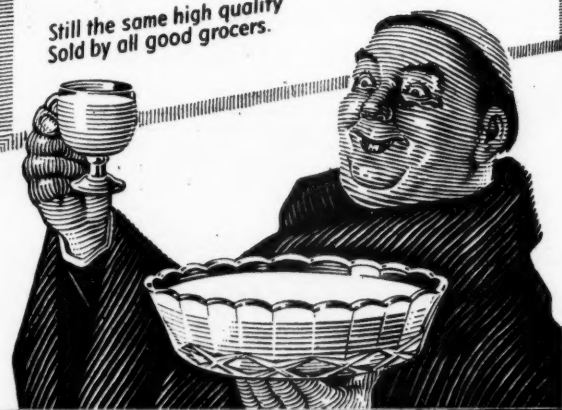


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SQUARE
for me
-it's pure
tobacco!**

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The tasks of reconditioning thousands of Army Motor Cycles at our depots and manufacturing millions of ordnance parts at our Works — both to the most exacting standards — are seriously but unavoidably curtailing Atco Service. But they are providing the basis for an even better Service when conditions permit—a time we all look forward to soon and with eager enthusiasm.

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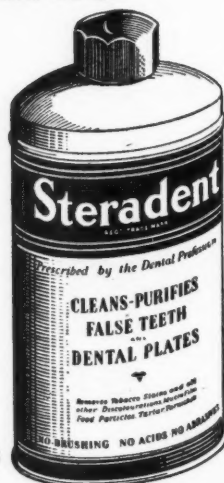
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Cleans and sterilizes
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Why you should
use Harpic to
clean the lavatory



1 EASY TO USE

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration—it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

HARPIC

WEARRA IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE

The Commercial Traveller.

I'm a Knight of the Road a "Commercial"—
I carry my wares near and far,
Doing much of my job on my own two feet
(The times preclude using the car).

And yet I preserve a most cheerful mien;
Over one fact I greatly enthuse—
I've gained a fine carriage through losing my car,
Thanks to walking—in Wearra Shoes.



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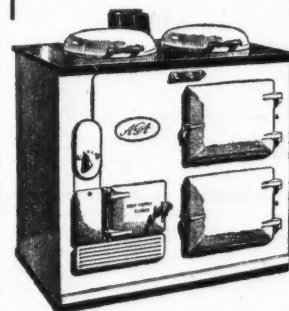
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The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatosan Limited, Loughborough, Leicestershire.



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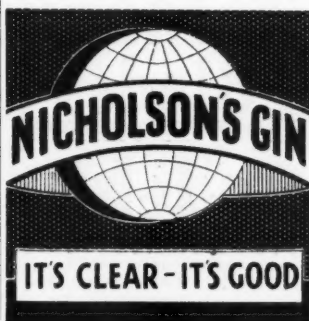
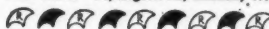
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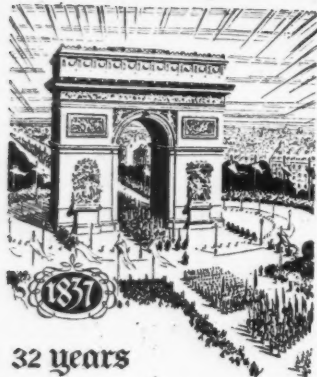
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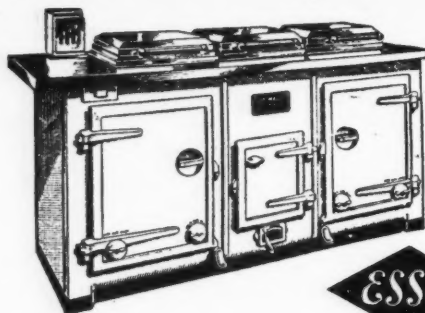
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Many hospitals, canteens and other types of catering establishments can testify to the efficiency and economy of Esse Major Heat Storage Cookers.

Their large ovens, indirectly heated, prevent scorching, and seal the meat to retain the essential juices with the least possible shrinkage.

They burn anthracite, Phurnacite or coke continuously day and night; they need the minimum of attention, and are easily cleaned.

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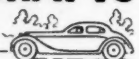
We shall be
prouder than
ever to put this
Trade Mark on
our Post-war cycles.
We hope that soon
she will be riding
one for pleasure....



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Dorothy Wordsworth

March 8th, Thursday. A sweet morning. Baked bread and pies. No letters but a parcel of books and stationery from W. H. Smith & Son. Wm. kindled at sight of them. Sat in the orchard—catkins

beautiful in the hedges—the little birds singing. I ironed till ½ past 3. Coleridge brought some volumes to be sent to Smith's for rebinding. After tea we sat round the fire, Wm. with his new books. I wrote to renew my subscription to the W. H. Smith Library and order our papers and magazines for another twelvemonth. My Beloved is delighted by the service we receive from W.H.S. although we cannot conveniently visit any of their numerous bookshops and bookstalls. The evening very cold, the horned moon.

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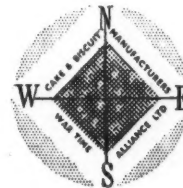


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Who doesn't? Unfortunately, just now you can't get all you want, nor those lovely assortments of pre-war days. But they will come back.

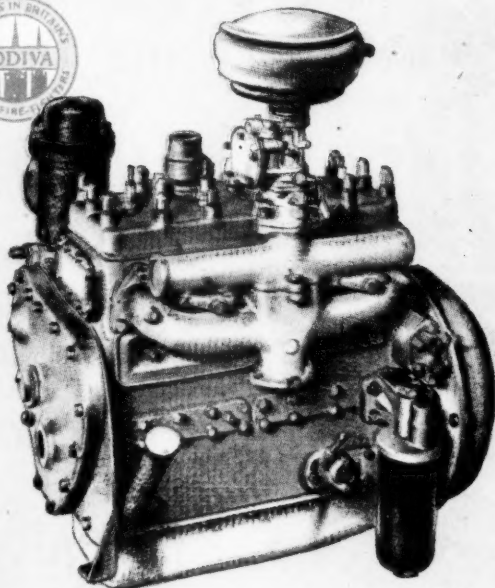
And meantime, the biscuits we do get are packed full of nourishing and energy-creating ingredients. Furthermore, they are easy on the digestion and you can therefore take it that



... they like you!

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS-108



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COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LIMITED, COVENTRY



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not too much..

but just right
IF IT'S
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SHAVING STICK
THANKS TO ITS
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER



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THE ERASMIC CO. LTD.



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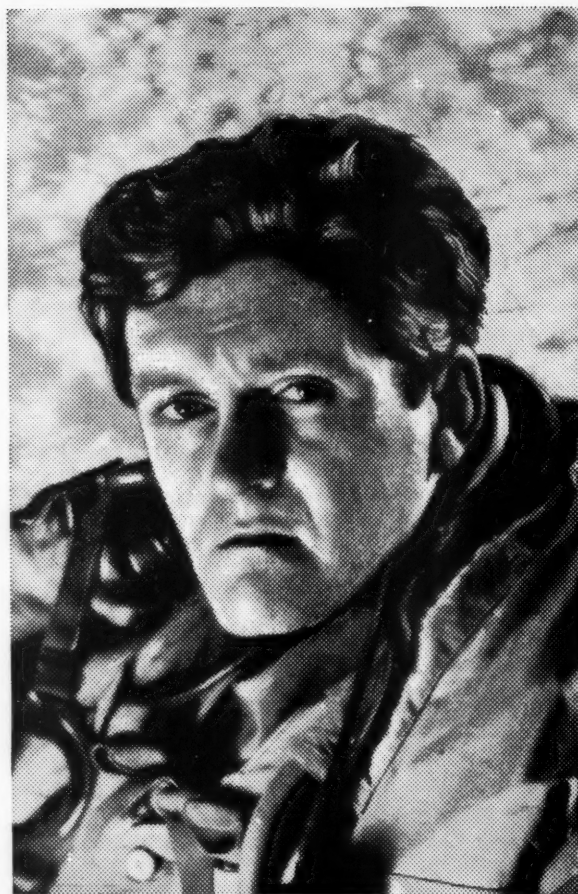
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*When
peace brings back
the plenty, the
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Service will
be there*



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